

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

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SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Ormeau, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Arnaud's room, Farquhar forces Sylvia to have Arnaud's I. O. U.'s returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his room by Gabrielle Smith, Sylvia demands an apology. Refused, he forces Farquhar to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sylvia's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans and tells the real culprit why he did so. As Richard Nameless he joins the Foreign Legion and sees Sylvia, now Mme. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destinn. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goetz of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destinn. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar. Farquhar, on guard at a villa where a dance is in progress, is shot down by Arnaud. Arnaud justifies his insanely jealous action to Colonel Destinn. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Lowe, for whom she has sacrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Destinn behind the mosque. Arnaud becomes ill, but Sylvia will not help him, nor interfere for Farquhar. Gabrielle, adding Farquhar, who is under punishment, is mistaken by him in his delirium for Sylvia.

What does duty mean to you? Despite his position of power, the situation in which Colonel Destinn finds himself is hopeless. There is nothing to live for, apparently. At this moment sounds the stern call to duty, but an instant later temptation in the person of Sylvia stays his response. Will duty win?

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Once past the sentries, the spohl turned into one of the quieter avenues leading to the barracks. He had not decreased his speed, and his horse's hoofs struck a metallic, ominous music out of the cobbled roadway. Colonel Destinn heard it and it seemed that another sound had caught his attention, for he went to the window and stood with his hand on the clasp, his head bent. Something rustled—something white flashed out from between the trees and came gliding hurriedly toward him.

"Sylvia!" he muttered. She almost flung herself into his arms, clinging to him with a child's panic, and for the moment that he held her their shadows were sharp cut against the light. Then he half dragged, half carried her into the room and closed the windows. There were heavy curtains on either side, and he dragged them across. Save for the soft jingle of his spurs and her own quick breathing there was no sound. He came back to her and drew her veil from her white face.

"Where have you come from?" "From the Cercle. Dostre left me. I don't know where he went to—but I ran here."

"I have watched five nights for you." "I knew. It has been awful—the temptation, the fear, the uncertainty. Every night I tried to make up my mind—one way or another, but I couldn't. I seemed to have lost hold. Oh—her white baby hands clutched at his delfian in helpless despair—"Oh, what have you done—what have you done?"

"I was very brutal." He led her gently to an armchair far from the window and stood quietly beside her, his hand still holding hers; his eyes turned from the bowed head to the discolored table, as though seeking a memory. "Some men are born brutal—some become brutal through habit, Sylvia. I have seen life too long from my deliberately chosen standpoint to change. And then I meant there should be no illusions—either for you or me."

"I have none," she broke out bitterly; "they are all gone. I would not have come to you tonight if you had not made me see my own worthlessness."

"I knew that. You would have played on the safe side of the game and called it virtue."

"Paul, how cruel you are!" "Yet—you love me, don't you?"

She looked up at him with veiled wistful eyes.

"Yes—I believe I do. You are the one real thing left me—the one real thing of my whole life. I have been fed on illusions, my own and other people's. They thought because I was beautiful—more beautiful than most women—that I was also better, different. And I believed so, too. From our second meeting I knew that you had seen me—the real me—the foolish, selfish, vain, shallow child. And at first I was frightened, angry, fascinated against my will and then—intensely, unutterably grateful."

He bent over her and lifted her to her feet.

"You have been honest," he said, in a changed tone. "That is all I wanted. We wear masks—every one of us—and I mine. I am not absolutely a devil. It's hard to believe, I suppose, but there was a time when I was fond of—all sorts of unlikely things—flowers and music, and men and women—and children." His hands released her,

and he walked restlessly to the table, where he stood a moment in silence, his back toward her, his head bowed. "This is a miniature of my son," he said abruptly. She came softly across the room and took it from him. There was a moment in which they seemed to pass out of each other's consciousness. Then she looked up timidly. His head was still bowed, and the sharp-cut indomitable profile gave her no clue, no indication.

"He died?" she said almost in a whisper.

"No, it was I who died." He straightened up like a man shaking off a dream. "I am getting sentimental, Sylvia. You are young and very beautiful—and I am an old man who has murdered the best in him."



"I knew that you were a traitor, Richard," she said, "but I thought you were still a gentleman."

"I never think of you as old," she interrupted thoughtfully. "There is something about you—"

"What was that?"

She had broken off abruptly, her features white with panic. He lifted his head, but did not look at her.

"Did you hear anything?"

"Someone rode up—I heard the horse's hoofs—there is someone coming—now—"

Her voice was dry. Terror had stamped out all trace of beauty from her face. Destinn crossed the room and held open a side door.

"Go in there!" he commanded quietly. "It is probably a message. In five minutes the man will have gone. Don't come in till I call you."

She obeyed unhesitatingly, and with one haunted glance over her shoulder, crept past him into the unlighted room. He closed the door and went back to his table. He was now perfectly calm. Someone knocked imperatively, and he answered the summons with tranquil indifference. As the door opened he glanced up, and the eyes of the two men met fixedly over the wavering candle-flame. It seemed to blot out everything but their faces.

Richard Farquhar saluted.

"I have come with a message from General Meunier."

"The message is urgent, then?"

"Yes. A spahi arrived this evening with news that the tribes are rising. The outposts have been cut up. There is no communication between here and—"

"Give me the letter."

With rapid, steady fingers Colonel Destinn broke the seals and hurried over the half a dozen lines of precise writing. When he had finished the whole man had changed. The mask was in its place, so absolute in its disguise of energy and steely purpose that what had been before now seemed a grotesque incredible comedy.

"The first marches at midnight," he said, half to himself. "The orders were already given when you left?"

"Yes, Corporal Goetz's men were in campaign but five minutes after the signal."

"You were badly wounded. What are you doing in this business? You aren't fit to carry a rifle."

He saw the tightening of the dogged jaws, and for a moment there flashed between them a strange sympathy—the sympathy of fighters to whom fighting is the great essence of life. It passed like a streak of light in the darkness. Colonel Destinn turned away.

"Give my compliments to General

Meunier. I shall be with the regiment in two minutes."

This time there was no answer. The silence seemed to impress itself slowly on Colonel Destinn's consciousness. He looked up over the top of the letter which he still held to the light and his gaze rested for a second on the little ivory fan and the white gloves—then passed upward, as though drawn by an irresistible fascination, to the face of the man opposite. He, too, had seen. A minute later their eyes met. In the distance a bugle sounded the Legion's war signal, "Aux armes! Aux armes!"

Richard Farquhar swung round and closed the door behind him. Instinctively Colonel Destinn had placed himself between Farquhar and the door leading to the inner room. It was typical of him that he did not threaten or attempt to deny the vital facts of the situation. In an hour this man might be arrested and shot down—but not now. Richard Farquhar picked up the fan and opened it.

"Colonel Destinn, a man I knew gave this to the woman he was to have married. How did it come here?"

Colonel Destinn looked into the blazing eyes of his opponent and frowned. It was the first sign of yielding self-possession.

"You are brave. Courage is the one thing I can respect. You are free to go, Englishman."

"Not till you have answered."

"I shall then have double cause to order out a shooting party on your behalf."

"What you insinuate is a damnable lie."

Destinn laughed.

"At least you have the courage of your convictions," he said, almost with regret.

The legionary made no answer. He had thrust aside the intervening table, and the next instant both men were locked together in a merciless embrace. There was no sound—scarcely a movement. The first fury of Farquhar's onslaught balanced his fever-weakened condition and leveled their respective strength to practical equality. Then the steely muscles of the elder man asserted themselves, and slowly, imperceptibly, he retreated from the door, seeming to yield, never for an instant relaxing his tenacious hold upon the other's arms. Suddenly he wrenched himself free and sprang back to his writing table.

"If you touch that door I shall shoot you down—now," he said quietly.

Farquhar turned, conscious that his own rage had suddenly burned out. He saw that the door which Destinn had protected had opened, and that Sylvia Arnaud, white and large-eyed with terror, stood trembling on the threshold. Farquhar recoiled a step. Colonel Destinn had replaced his revolver on the table. There was something akin to pity written on his hard face. Sylvia glanced at him and then at Farquhar. Behind her fear there had already begun to dawn the knowledge that the situation was dramatic and wholly in her hands.

"I knew that you were a traitor, Richard," she said. "But I thought you were still a gentleman. It seems I was mistaken." Her manner was fearful, childishly resentful.

He turned from her without answer. "I owe you an apology, Colonel Destinn," he said simply. "Do you trust me enough to let me place myself under arrest?"

"I trust you enough to let you find your punishment under fire," was the courteous answer. "I shall need brave men."

"I thank you."

They saluted each other—gravely, with respect, as unreconciled duelists who have learned each other's worth in the bitterness of battle; then, with a slight bow to the woman, standing against the dark background of the inner room, Richard Farquhar passed out of the open window.

"Aux armes! aux armes!"

He laughed to himself, his teeth clenched. But the music of that stern signal was as the call of the blood, a challenge to the fighting spirit of his race. He swung himself lightly into the saddle and drove his heels against the horse's dripping flanks.

"En avant, Graine!" The animal swerved. Someone had caught at the bridle. Farquhar bent forward, peering into the darkness. "Who is it? My God—Gabrielle!"

"Yes, I thought I recognized you. Where have you come from?"

"Colonel Destinn's—"

"Is—"

"Yes, she is there."

"Captain Arnaud is asking for her, and I suspected. There isn't a moment to be lost—"

Has Captain Arnaud discovered his wife's utter treason, and started out to kill her and her men friends? After what you know, would you blame the husband for anything murderous he did?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DAIRY THE DAIRY

REMOVE HORNS FROM CALVES

According to Writer Best Dehorning Agent is Caustic Potash in Pen-cil or Stick Form.

The best dehorning agent is caustic potash fused in the pencil or stick form. The caustic should be applied as soon as the budding horn or button can be felt under the skin. As a rule this can be done when the calf is but a few weeks old, and although it is claimed by some that horns may be removed from animals six months old, it is undoubtedly best to operate early, advises Dr. E. H. Lehnert in Farm and Home.

When the proper time arrives, clip the hair over the horn from an area the size of a half dollar, wash with soap and rub on the moistened caustic. To prevent the caustic from running, moisten it only slightly, and apply lard or vasoline all about the spot treated. When the scabs fall off, a careful examination should be made, and if the horn is still prominent, make another application of the caustic. To protect the fingers, wrap the caustic well with paper. If active caustic is thoroughly applied over a sufficiently large area, the horn will unfailingly be killed by one application.

VALUE OF PUREBRED HEIFERS

Editor of Agricultural Paper Picks Up Prize at Public Sale—Possibilities Unknown.

A few years ago a certain editor of an agricultural paper bought a couple of cheap little Jersey heifers at a public sale. Some of the breeders present had a good bit of fun at his expense and they haven't all got over it yet. When these heifers became cows the better one made a record of production excelled by only a few of her age in the country for a month or so and was then injured. She may be heard of later. The other one produced over 10,000 pounds of milk and 480 pounds of fat with her first calf, which was not so bad for a \$50 heifer.

The fact is that nobody knows very much about the possibilities of purebred youngsters. When they are going cheap it's not a bad plan to pick them up and wait awhile. They may develop into the basis of a useful herd.



Purebred Jerseys.

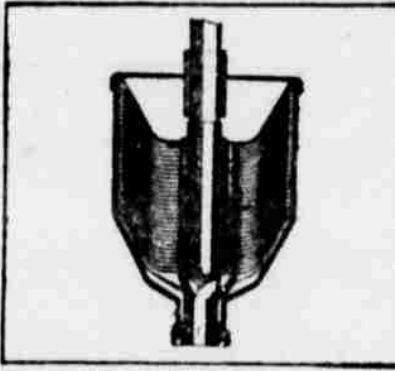
and they can't lose much money if they don't. More than one herd of purebred cattle has been built on something that didn't look very good to the crowd on sale day.

USE OF CENTRIFUGAL FORCE

Various Movable Parts of Machine Arranged to Render Separation Nearly Positive.

The Scientific American, in illustrating and describing a cream separator invented by J. A. Falk of Stacyville, Iowa, says:

Mr. Falk's invention comprehends an improved construction of separator,



Cream Separator.

making use of centrifugal force, the various movable parts of the separator being so arranged as to render the separation as nearly positive as possible, and to prevent the mixture of the cream with the heavier portions of the milk after the separation of the cream therefrom.

FEED CALVES IN STANCHIONS

After Young Animals Have Devoured Milk and Grain They Lose Desire to Suck Ears.

There are several good reasons for feeding calves in stanchions. The calves can be fed their milk, then their grain, and after they have eaten the grain they will lose their desire to suck one another's ears. A stanchion made of wood will be entirely satisfactory. It should be made from 3 to 3½ feet high and 18 to 24 inches from center to center, with the neck space 4 to 5 inches wide. It is built in the same manner as the old-style right stanchion. The calf should be fastened while eating, but loosened from the stanchion after it has eaten its grain. The calf pens and stanchions should be built in the south side of the barn, where plenty of sunshine and light can be had.

INTERESTING FACTS OF EAST TENNESSEE

ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCIAL EXECUTIVES ERMOTIZES REPORT OF 34 COUNTIES.

AVERAGE COTTON CONDITION

Crop Has Made Good Progress and Generally the Plant Is Fruiting Well—Tennessee News of Interest.

Morristown.—The general committee appointed by the East Tennessee Association of Commercial Executives to conduct the East Tennessee home-coming campaign, has compiled a detailed report for the 34 counties of this grand division, which includes the following interesting facts and figures.

East Tennessee has a total population of 781,843 or more than one-third that reported for the state, 2,254,789.

With a total land area of 13,245 square miles, less than one-third of the state, 41,687 square miles, East Tennessee produces farm crops annually to the value of \$46,434,461, more than a third the production for the state, \$120,706,211.

Farm property in East Tennessee, figured on a tax basis of 10 to 25 per cent, is assessed for a total of \$163,323,621.

Manufacturing concerns in East Tennessee are capitalized for a total of more than \$12,000,000, a little over one-third that of the state at large, and their products are valued at \$78,000,000.

East Tennessee has in hydro-electric power projects developed and under construction a total of \$91.00 horse power, which will be increased within the near future to more than a million horse power.

East Tennessee produces more copper, zinc, iron and coal than all the remainder of the state combined. Tennessee marble is famous the world over.

It is spending over \$5,000,000 for macadam and concrete highways, and more than all the remainder of the state.

It has a larger number of high schools than either of the other divisions of the state.

Medical plants, and plants, trees and shrubs used in the manufacture of volatile oils, all of which have greatly increased in demand and value, grow in great profusion in the forests, on the mountain slopes and undeveloped areas of East Tennessee.

The timber resources of East Tennessee are sufficient to guarantee ample supplies in raw material for an almost unlimited number of industries for many years to come.

Splendid specimens of clay suitable for pottery manufacturing, rock for cement, sand for glass, and clays for tile and brick manufacture are found in various sections of East Tennessee.

The average altitudes in East Tennessee are 1,000 to 2,400 feet, with mountain ranges on either side rising to elevations of 5,000 to 6,000 feet.

The mean annual temperature in East Tennessee is 53 to 59, as compared to 57 to 62 for the remainder of the state.

CONDITION OF COTTON CROP.

The Weather Has Been Favorable Over Tennessee, According to Reports.

Memphis.—Average condition of the cotton crop on July 25 was 75.8 per cent of normal, according to reports sent the Commercial Appeal. This compares with the government figures of 81.1 on June 25 of this year, 75 on July 25, last year, and the 10-year average of 78.5.

In Tennessee the weather has been favorable, on the whole, and crop has made good progress, except in certain localities, where too much rain has reduced conditions. Generally the plant is fruiting well.

Alamo.—Cotton crop making good progress and condition is 90 per cent.

Bolivar.—The cotton crop in Hardeman county is progressing nicely. Conservative estimates place the crop fully 10 per cent better than last year.

Dresden.—The cotton crop in Weakley is making fine progress. While the plant is somewhat smaller than usual, the fruit is good. No insects have appeared and the cultivation has been good.

Fayetteville.—Cotton crop has not done well for the last month. Condition 68 per cent.

Gleason.—The condition of crops through this section from all reports seems to be very satisfactory. Cotton is pretty well in the blooming stage and is looking fine.

Paris.—The weather conditions in the past two weeks have been favorable for cotton here. The plant is growing nicely and fields are cleaned. Crop is two weeks behind on account of too much rain and cool weather a few weeks ago, but is approaching normal and would be counted 90 per cent. Generally farmers are satisfied on improved condition.

PAID AS UNITED STATES SOLDIERS

OFFICERS OF NATIONAL GUARD GET FAIR SALARIES—PRI-VATES \$15 A MONTH.

SCHEDULE OF PAY ROLL

Some Officers Have Assumed Positions at Camp Rye at a Sacrifice as Compared to Salaries in Business Life.

Nashville.—There has been much misunderstanding in the public mind as to just what the remuneration of officers and men in federalized national guard is. This has arisen through the fact that part of the time these men have been receiving pay from the state as state militia, and in the past few weeks, or since being mustered in as national guardsmen of the United States, they have received pay from the government. This means that they now receive the same pay as officers and men in the United States army.

A schedule of the pay rolls shows that a colonel receives \$11.11 a day. The lieutenant-colonel is paid \$9.72 a day. The pay per diem for the lesser officers is as follows: Major, \$8.33; captain, \$6.67; first lieutenant, \$5.56; second lieutenant, \$4.72.

Many of the officers who have assumed their positions at Camp Rye have done so as a sacrifice so far as their salaries in private life were concerned. A larger proportion, however, are really receiving more as officers in the national guard than they made as civilians.

Among the non-commissioned officers the pay per month is as follows: Regimental sergeant-major, \$45; regimental quartermaster-sergeant, \$45; battalion sergeant-major, \$45; battalion quartermaster-sergeant, \$45; first sergeant, \$45; duty sergeant, \$30; corporal, \$24.

Privates receive \$15 a month.

HOME-COMING IN SEVIER.

Those In Charge Greatly Encouraged By Co-operation of Committees.

Sevierville.—Those in charge of the Sevier county home-coming to be held Sept. 11-16 are greatly encouraged by the hearty co-operation of the leading committees. Chairman W. L. Dugan, who has been giving the matter special attention, says that the work is progressing nicely and that the committees are taking proper interest in the management and working to make it a great success for Sevier county and Sevier counties.

CANDIDATES TO DEBATE.

Congressman McKellar and Ex-Gov. Hooper Will Probably Meet.

Washington, D. C.—While he would make no definite statement, Congressman K. D. McKellar left the impression with friends with whom he discussed the subject that he probably would meet Ben W. Hooper, Republican senatorial nominee, in debate as sought by J. Will Taylor, Republican Tennessee chairman.

CUT IN TWO BY SAW.

Loy Wolfenbarger Instantly Killed in a Saw Mill at Washburn.

Washburn.—Loy Wolfenbarger, 16, of this place, met instant death at Wolfenbarger's sawmill. The young man was employed there and was engaged in removing sawdust when some part of his clothing was caught by the saw and his body cut in two.

To Campaign For Bank.

Memphis.—An active campaign to win for Memphis one of the 12 farm loan banks to be established under the new federal land bank act was planned by the banking committee of the Business Men's Club chamber of commerce, assisted by Herbert Myrick of Springfield, Mass., noted editor and economist, who has selected Memphis as the logical location for one of three southern banks.

At Mr. Myrick's suggestion an effort probably will be made at once to form a syndicate to underwrite the \$750,000 capital stock necessary for a farm loan bank.

Hottest In Year.

Jackson.—July 31 was the hottest day of the year in Jackson. The sun began to do furnace duty early in the day and not until it had quit the job in the western sky was there any respite from the oppressive heat. The thermometer registered 97 degrees in the shade during three or four hours.

Completes Many Improvements.

Sweetwater.—The East Tennessee Fair Association at Sweetwater, Tenn., has about completed the many large improvements on their grounds and buildings. Their exposition buildings and stock barns and the new grand stand, complete one of the best equipped fair grounds in Tennessee. The management says that everything points to a bigger and better fair this year than ever before.

The racing gives promise to be better than ever.